

Great Epidemic of Deadly Catarrh

(Chronic Cold in the Head)

10 Days' Free Trial of Marvellous New Remedy.

Send a Postcard To-day.

A Veritable epidemic of Catarrh is sweeping the British Isles at present. Our treacherous climate is the cause of this dangerous ailment. It is a victim of the weather, and it is not a matter of life or death, but it is a matter of health. It is a disease which will give you immediate relief and health. I have experienced the treatment, relief, and cure of this distressing and dangerous condition for many years, and I would strongly advise every sufferer to give my system a personal trial just now. The symptoms are easy for anyone to diagnose.

—It causes a drip from the back of your throat.
—It causes a drip from the nose.
—It causes a drip from the eyes.
—It causes a drip from the ears.
—It causes a drip from the mouth.
—It causes a drip from the throat.
—It causes a drip from the chest.
—It causes a drip from the stomach.
—It causes a drip from the intestines.
—It causes a drip from the bladder.
—It causes a drip from the uterus.
—It causes a drip from the vagina.

Doctors now realize that Catarrh is dangerous. It not only causes much suffering and distress, but it has a high rate of mortality. It causes the lungs and bronchial tubes to become inflamed, leading to pneumonia, tuberculosis, and other serious diseases. It also causes the eyes, ears, nose, and throat to become inflamed, leading to various complications. If you are a sufferer of Catarrh, don't delay, but write to me to-day for a

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OF THE "SHIRLEY SYSTEM"

and see how much it will save you from the misery and risks of Catarrh in all its forms, including Catarrh of the Lungs and the Glands.

It will bring you relief from the very first. The stuffed-up passages get clear, every nasal breathing follows, head-aches disappear, head-aches, too, become things of the past, and your whole system is completely cleared of the poisons and slim, mucus. It will fit the crushing burden of Catarrh from your shoulders like magic.

SEND ME NO MONEY! Just post your name and address to me TO-DAY (to postcard) and I will send you 10 Days' Free Trial of my "Shirley System." No matter how often you have been disappointed before, or how long you have suffered, don't delay, but write to me now. My wonderful Treatment. Address: Shirley, 22, Gray's Inn Road (L417), London, W.C.1.

MS.—Is Mother's Secret for delicious M.S.D.

Sold by all Grocers in 4d. & 6d. tins.

W. SYMONDS & Co., Ltd., Market Harborough.

A book which should be read by every young man starting in life who desires to achieve success in industry or commercial pursuits.

ALFRED YARROW: His Life and Work.

By R. C. BARNES (Lady Yarrow). With nine Coloured Plates and 78 other Illustrations. 340 Pages. 10s. 6d. net.

THE TIMES.—"We get a picture of a man who paved off his way by steady application of his mind and intense engineering skill to the establishment of a great undertaking that has become famous all over the world."

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GRAVES

ON EASY TERMS

Every body should visit the Graves and see the wonderful collection of graves and monuments.

Graves and monuments are the most beautiful and interesting things to see in the world.

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FIGHT FOR THE PEOPLE

MR. BALDWIN ON HIS CHANCES.

"DUD" TORPEDOES.

(Continued from Page One.)

that any alteration of the fiscal system in a country highly industrial as ours is, must be approached with care and circumspection.

That is one of the reasons why I wish this country, in addition to my chief reason—the fighting of unemployment—to be ready with the machinery before the time of which I have spoken comes. When it does come we may be in a position to take whatever further measures, if any, should then be necessary, to safeguard our own people.

The proposals are familiar to you. We propose that everyone who manufactures goods, that is, who expends labour on the preparation of goods, shall pay these tolls when it comes into our market.

But we reserve to ourselves the right in all cases where we find that unemployment is being caused in industries where we can produce equally as well as the foreigner that there the duty should be put at such a scale as will help our own people to secure employment.

It was perfectly obvious that in taking measures like that to safeguard the industrial life of our people that they had got to help agriculture.

It is because there will be a substantial revenue from the duties on manufactured goods that we are able to allocate sufficient to pay the subsidies which we propose.

Protection to-day on wheat was not practical politics. In a country like ours it was perfectly possible that the

TO-DAY'S TOPICAL SONG.

An apology is due to the readers of "The People" to-day for the holding over of "I'd Give the World to Know," the popular song which was advertised in last week's issue.

In its place we publish the music of that old favourite "Keep the Home Fires Burning," which has been specially set to topical verses.

In its new form, "Keep the Home Fires Burning" will be the rage of the General Election, as learn the new words now and sing them at your meetings.

effect of duties at first might be to raise the price of bread, and while higher prices might be possible in a country where employment and wages were good, and prosperity was abroad, such a rise could not be contemplated at a time like the present when there were between one and two million of unemployed, a great deal of short time, and a large amount of poverty throughout the land.

AGRICULTURE'S STRUGGLE.

The only right idea of a subsidy in a case like this was to give assistance when the prices of most agricultural products consumed in this country had fallen to an unprofitable level.

He believed that by that means it would be possible to stem the decline in arable land, a decline which was bad for the country in every way. It lessened the amount of food, and the number of workers on the land. They could watch the operation of the scheme during the forthcoming Parliament if they were returned to power, and if things should become better and the enterprise itself should be more profitable, then the subsidy would have served its turn and would have lifted us over a bad crisis of emergency.

"I myself am calmly confident of the result. I am confident for this reason. You have known me all my life, and you know I am just a plain man of the common people. I understand the common people—hear, hear—and I believe what I am thinking they are thinking. I believe that they will go quietly to the polls and support my policy."

"I know perfectly well what I am up against. We have powerful interests against us. We have many statesmen of great eloquence, of great position, but I am not blind to all that goes on. Having fairly good sight, I can say honestly that in these troubled waters through which I am steering there is not a submarine trying to torpedo me whose wash I cannot see. I know the home base they come from."

"I can follow their devious career, and I am comforted by the thought that all the torpedoes they carry are duds. The common people of this country, the common, plain, blue, honest people of this country, are going to win a very great victory for themselves."

"This is going to be a soldier's battle, and it is going to be won by the common soldier. We are fighting for people who cannot fight for themselves."

There was no reaction in their party to-day. It had been recruited from the best of the young men of this country, men who themselves served through the war.

"Give me a ten-thousand majority," said Mr. Baldwin, amid loud cheers, and show that whatever people may say of me or may think of me in other places, that I have still got the same place in your hearts that I have held for so long."

MR. JOHN BURNS' PROPHECY

Mr. John Burns, who has not been heard of for some time, prophesies, says a correspondent, that the Conservatives will win this election with such a small majority that there will be another appeal to the country within six months, when he intends to stand as Labour candidate for Battersea.

EYES OF THE AIR FORCE.

Lord Mayor on Need for Adequate Defence on the Ground.

"There must be adequate air defence on the ground to act as the eyes and ears of the aeroplanes," declared the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Sir Louis Newton, yesterday, when opening a new drill hall at the headquarters of the 5th and 6th (City of London) Anti-Aircraft Brigades R.A.F. (T.).

In the Anti Brigade are batteries formed from the personnel of Lloyd's, and it is hoped that the 6th Brigade will be composed of local men—for instance, batteries from Putney and Southfields could be arranged.

The new building is a utilitarian structure, and in addition to the various offices and messes for officers and sergeants, includes a recreation room and gymnasium.



HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

The British Labour Party are affiliated to the German organisation the Sozialistische Arbeiter International.

LAST NIGHT'S SPEECHES.

PROTECT THE WORKERS

EX-CHANCELLOR'S APPEAL TO TRADE UNIONISTS.

"The Conservative policy is essentially a question for working men and working women," declared Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in a speech delivered in West Birmingham last night.

"Bad trade hits the manufacturer, but it finds first the man who earns a weekly wage. Will it not be surprising if in a commercial city like Birmingham we cannot come to a solution of the difficulty?"

"Most of you are members of trade unions, and why? What do you desire to get?—(A Voice: Protection)."

"Exactly. Why then have you not the same ideas operating with regard to national matters. Why should you not seek to get protection from unfair competition from outside?"

A problem of this kind cannot be solved by setting the poor to rob the rich. A capital levy would not put any machine in motion, but would only cripple factories already struggling against adverse conditions.

"Why do the unions allow the foreigner to do what they will not allow their own people to do for although the foreigners do not come here the products of their cheap labour do. The secret of cheap production for us is not in low wages, it is in factories working full time."

"Why not apply your own trade union principles to the affairs of the country?"

LLOYD GEORGE'S TOUR.

POINTS FROM SPEECH TO 4,000 AT GLASGOW.

Mr. Lloyd George has embarked on a whirlwind tour, which will be the biggest of the kind in English history. No expense has been spared.

The following are points from Mr. Lloyd George's speech in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, yesterday, to an audience of 4,000.

A year ago the nation was promised peace and tranquillity, but under the late Government it had not got it.

A promise of a year ago was now a scrap of paper, he said, whether the Chartists have revived their policy of annual collection.

Overhaulings with France were never worse. The Liberal remedy for unemployment was the restoration of peace in Europe.

Let them give the Angel of Peace a chance.

Other remedies for unemployment were an extension of the Insurance Act and the free development of the resources of the Empire by the help of National Credit.

Trade followed the flag, but the Government had run up the Jolly Roger.

At a meeting at Paisley last night, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George were on the same platform.

Mr. Asquith said Mr. Lloyd-George and himself had driven in double harness before now, and in those days they never adopted tranquillity as their watchword.

Mr. Baldwin's speech, he declared, were the first step down the precipitous road along which the nation was to slide and stumble into the morose of Protection.

Mr. Lloyd-George said he was unprepared to appear on the same platform with Mr. Asquith. It was a deep and sincere grief to him that they should ever have separated.

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-PRIEST.

The Liberal Party had never had the spirit of Empire. Today we found the Liberals neglecting the subject of Colonial preference, and Sir John Simon counting the currants in a child's bun.—At Taunton.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

By all means make capital levy pay off the war debt, but let it do so in its own time, and by methods which would not injure the reproductive energies of the country and diminish the fund available for wages and the French Government and our former allies.—At Leicester.

MR. ARBUTHNOT.

The issue to-day is not between Free Trade and Protection, but between unfair conditions of competition in this country and reasonable equalisation of the basis of taxation. The Government policy will help Lancashire and the great Lancashire cotton trade.—At Leigh.

MR. RANBY MACDONALD.

The capital levy was not a special Labour proposal. Some people imagined they wanted to use it as a margin or magical leverage for the complete change of society. If he were a capitalist and opposed to Socialism, he would support the capital levy.—At Manchester.

MR. RONALD McWILL (Under-Secretary, Foreign Affairs).

As a former sincere supporter of Mr. Lloyd George during the war, it has been most painful to me to notice that since he has been out of office he has thought fit to distinguish himself by gross and offensive attacks on the French Government and our former allies.—At Canterbury.

MR. J. G. C. DAVISON.

Mr. Asquith is still the acknowledged captain of the Liberal ship, but I wonder how long it will take before Mr. Lloyd George will lead him, walk the plank, and then we will see for the second time the flag of Liberal principles run down the masthead, and up will run the jolly Roger, emblematic with the Welsh goat rampant over all.—At Hargreaves.

THE NOSE AND HEALTH.

A remarkably low death rate of 10.5 per 1,000 during 1923 is revealed in the Registrar-General's figures.

One explanation of the improvement of the public health is to be found in the growing practice of disinfecting the nostrils.

MESSAGE TO WOMEN VOTERS.

PREMIER'S LETTER.

SPECIAL INTERESTS TO BE SAFEGUARDED.

Clear indications that the interests of women will be thoroughly safeguarded under a Conservative Government are given in a letter addressed by the Prime Minister, through his secretary, to Lady Rhonda, Parliamentary Secretary of the National Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship (the "Six Points Group").

Taking the "six points" in order, the attitude disclosed by Mr. Baldwin may be summed up as follows:—

The utmost sympathy for any measures designed to ameliorate the law in respect of child assault. Statements indicating the direction in which reform is desired would be gladly welcomed.

The Government consider that the question of pensions for widows with young children should receive the most careful consideration when the state of national finances is such as to warrant the expenditure involved.

Sympathetic consideration to be given to proposals for improving the lot of the children of unmarried parents.

The Government propose to revive the Joint Committee of both Houses which has been investigating the subject of equal guardianship of infants, with a view to an agreed measure being submitted to Parliament.

The Government are in general sympathy with the ideal of equal pay for men and women teachers, but regard must be had to the serious state of the country's finances.

The Government have already accepted the principle that the fullest possible opportunity should be given to women in the Civil Service, and the Prime Minister endorses the resolutions on this subject which were passed by the House of Commons on August 5, 1921.

Mr. Baldwin expressed his regret that owing to the multiplicity of his engagements he was unable to receive a deputation from the Group.

HUMAN DRAMAS.

YESTERDAY'S SIDELIGHTS FROM THE POLICE COURTS.

Hardly Suspectful—Wife at Willenden: I married my husband to reform him, but the first week after the wedding he deceived me as to his earnings.

A Bargain—Magistrate at Tottenham (to woman who admitted striking another woman): You must pay 20s. Woman (sotto voce): It's worth it.

The Manly Husband—My husband is manly, he gives me presents after we quarrel, said a wife at Marylebone County Court.

Terrible—A woman applied to Mr. H. G. Booth, at Lambeth, for a summons against her landlord, Mr. Booth: What has he done? Applicant: Oh, he is a terrible man.—Mr. Booth: All landlords are.

The New Pastime—Judge Parfit, during applications at Clerkenwell County Court: "People in this district, when they have nothing better to do, come here and make application about something or other. It seems to be a pastime for them."

Modern Risks—Willenden Magistrate: It is sometimes destructive to the harmony of a home to bring a mother-in-law into the house.—Defendant: One has to put up with these little risks nowadays.

Fifteen-year-old Punter—When a boy of 15 was charged at Willenden with embezzling 15s. from his employer, he pleaded that he owed money to a bookmaker.—The magistrate expressed surprise to hear that a bookmaker should allow a lad of that age to bet on credit.

Will Run the Day—If you do lose your employment, your employer will run the day, said Sir Herbert Field, K.C., at the Middlesex Sessions yesterday, when a jurymen declared that if he had to stay he would lose his job.

Until the Next Time—"When my husband and I quarrel we just kiss and are friends until the next time"—A woman at Marylebone County Court.

BLOWS AFTER CUP-TIE.

Footballer-Gunner who Knocked Out an Opponent.

At Woking Police Court yesterday Gunner Chapman, 20th Battery R.F.A., was fined 45 for assaulting Arthur Fuller, a member of the Witley Football Club. The team met in the first round of the Woking Hospital Cup, and in the second half the referee awarded a penalty.

As the teams were leaving the dressing-room after the match Chapman, who is the champion lightweight boxer of the R.F.A., gave Fuller a couple of blows, rendering him unconscious. He had to have medical attention.

Chapman pleaded that he only delivered the blows in self-defence.

In imposing the fine, the chairman said the Bench was determined to keep football pure in that area, and Chapman was lucky not to have been sent to prison for six months.

BOVARI

Malnutrition & Loss of Appetite

This bonny little girl was very, very ill. To use her mother's own words she was "a mere skeleton." But thanks to Dr. Cassell's Tablets she is now chubby and healthy. No one can take this splendid medicine without experiencing benefit.

Mrs. A. Marsh's Signed Statement:

Mrs. A. Marsh, of Maning Bank, 140 Hill, near Sevenoaks, says: "I am writing to thank you for the bonny little girlie derived from Dr. Cassell's Tablets. She had been under treatment for nearly three months, and was given up. Indeed we were told that she had only three days to live. She was a mere skeleton. But I felt I would not give in without a final struggle, so I gave her Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after the second or third dose she sat up and ate bread and milk. Now, to use her own words, she would not believe she had been so terribly ill. She has a fat, healthy little face. I wish you could see her then you would understand me thanking you so much."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices, 1/6 and 2/-

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and obtain satisfaction.

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FREE PATTERNS

3
CHARMING
BOUDOIR
CAPS

GIVEN INSIDE
THIS WEEK'S

WOMAN'S LIFE

ON SALE EVERYWHERE, NOV. 25th. THE PEOPLE.

Advertisement to M.M. Green

You can never
have too
much
of

SHARPS
SUPER KRIEM
TOILET

THOSE FIRST
GREY HAIRS!

Don't neglect them. "Tatcho-
Tone" will bring back their
original colour, so that
all changes and greys
disappear.

TATCHO-TONE, 1 Great Queen St., London, W.C.2

DEAD WOMAN IN
TAXI

WEDDING PLANS AND
STRANGE DOCUMENT.

George Wm. Iggliden (28), a portrait painter, of Mirabell-st., Putnam, appeared on remand at Westminster charged with the wilful murder of Ethel Howard (otherwise Ethel Ireland), of Astor Mansions, Shepherd's Bush, by cutting her throat in a taxi-cab on November 25.

At the inquest a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Iggliden was returned, and he was committed for trial on the coroner's warrant, with a recommendation that the state of his mind should be inquired into.

Mr. C. Wallace appeared for the Director of Public Prosecutions, and Mr. Sidney A. Fattler appeared for Iggliden.

In opening the case Mr. Wallace briefly reviewed the facts as related at the inquest.

He said the murdered woman gave notice of marriage to Iggliden on October 24, at the Shepherd's Bush Register Office.

Mr. Wallace read the statement made by the prisoner given at the inquest. In this prisoner described how he cuddled and kissed the woman, and while the taxi-cab was passing through Brompton-rd., lost control of himself and cut her throat.

Charles Alfred Green, a taxi-driver, of Morning-rd., Farringham, said that he was engaged by a man and woman on Nov. 25, outside the Regent Palace Hotel.

He was told to drive to the Brompton-rd., and on arriving there, he looked round to receive orders as to where he was to stop. He pulled up and the door was opened. The man ordered him to drive to the nearest police station.

On arrival there, the man dashed into the station. A police officer came out and witness looked into the cab with him and found the body of the woman.

Evidence of arrest having been given, prisoner pleaded not guilty, and reserved his defence. He was committed for trial, and applied through his solicitor for legal aid.

At the inquest at Hammersmith, the coroner read a statement which Iggliden was said to have made to Detective-Inspector Chappman.

The statement said that Iggliden met Mrs. Howard through an advertisement. After saying that the woman had often expressed a wish to die and that Iggliden did not carry out his promise to put up the banes for their marriage, the statement said, they went out together, and went on:

"When we got into the cab she said, 'I would be happy to die now, if the children were here.' She repeated this two or three times. I was coddling and kissing her when I seemed to lose control of myself. I took my razor from my pocket and I cut her throat with one slash. I at once saw the seriousness of what I had done, and told the taxi-cab driver to drive me to the nearest police station. On one occasion about a fortnight ago I was sleeping at her flat when she was on, so that we might all die."

I CANVASS: By CHRIS.



I AM a firm supporter of Mr. Daniel Mackintosh, our local candidate for the Northern Division of Westminster. I believe in keeping the Union Jack flying, and also the home fires burning; so do I. Hence my first appearance as a canvasser on his behalf. It requires a "great" sacrifice on the part of a supporter of the good cause, who turns the scales at 17 stones, to take on this job.

I made an excellent start outside (the Christians, otherwise my lady partner, suggested afterwards it must have been the inside) of the Blue Cow. Joe Myers, the butcher's foreman, and he'd never vote against Topsy, the greengrocer, said he'd give up being an Oddfellor and join the Primrose League, while Jimmy Orie, in the flour line, said I was a good rouser, but he didn't like my selection of subjects. This evening cost me ten and sixpence, and, as a result, they suggested I might rehearse the whole business once more and again moisten the ground.

I was flattered, but thought it best to pursue the good work in other quarters; so I hid me to Mrs. Matilda Sprackles, our laundry lady. Her face lit up when she first saw me; I fancy the lady thought I had come to pay a bill which was slightly overdue, and she grew quite gloomy when I explained, or rather tried to explain, the object of my visit.

I never got beyond this, for, from that moment, she took up all the running. "What a thing—my husband is one of 'em—from a thing of a lad with a bulldog's head over his spilt hair to a monkey-faced scented unicorn, which I understand is French for them as teaches the hags of a 'united' 'ave a vote! It's only an unicorn who should bring us universal suffrage, for we're the hooley ones as know we want, although we sometimes don't know what to do with it when we get it; and why blimpy this 'ere Mister Levy with a capital to his name (which sounds to me as though he was a second cousin to Mrs. Lollie Cohen, who runs the second-hand clothes store at the top of our street) to touch our saviour's, although precious little 'o' mine he'd see after heavy Tuesday in the week! What that you say? It's a Labour device. They seem full of vice of some sort or the other. Eh? The noble child will keep my 'ole man in employment! Don't sneer, I mean to 'im, for 'eaven's sake; there's lunacy in it; I'm most of 'em 'avin' gone mad at the mere sight of work. Yes! Yes! I'll do my best to keep the 'ome fires a-burnin', specially if you will send me a 'oliday' 'underweight as a Christmas box. Now then, Annie Marlar, after you with the soap."

I turned away from Mrs. Sprackles' door with some misgivings in my heart, but had not gone far before a pair of

large strong eyes just showing above some short curls in a low window attracted me. They disappeared almost directly when I first caught sight of them, and immediately reappeared before I had half turned my head away. Perhaps I should have paused on had I not caught sight of a card in the same bay window with the mystic letters P.T. printed on it. I took this for an invitation, reading it as "Please Call." I knocked, then listened as I heard the noise of a pair of stealthy footsteps creep down the passage and then the door slowly opened and the eyes reappeared. They belonged to a large-headed elderly man. "Are you the Rates?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"The Rates' tax? the rates or the Rates?" he asked.

"No," I replied.

"Ah!" he murmured with a sigh of relief as he threw a thick cudgel he had been holding behind him into the hall-stand. "That's a good one, some trouble."

I thought also that I had been saved some trouble.

"Then may I ask who is your name?" he said.

"It took me a long time to explain my mission to him."

"Yes! Yes! It sounds well; and now your success only depends on one thing, and for as I am concerned, can you tell me what it is?"

I shook my head and stole nearer to the door, as his hand was quick to reach out for the cudgel.

It was a narrow escape. We seem to have more than our fair share of eccentric characters in our neighbourhood. I had a most successful run for a while, including refreshment, till I came up against a wild sort of person down

Shower Lane. You could not see his face for whiskers, and those features which did escape from this mass clung to their mother earth with deep affection, and his head was buried in what looked like a great hairy tuft.

"I don't like you, higher who wears extensive whiskers; you're a capitalist. I may tell you, I'm for equality and a fair cut-up sweep."

"Ah!" I said, "then when one grows cleverer than the rest and accumulates a bit more he starts with, what then, people stranger?"

"Then we all cut up again and starts afresh," he said.

"Whiskers, hair, and all," I gaily remarked. He retorted, much to my discomfort, and I fled.

NO DOCTOR FOR A
DYING CHILD.

MANSLAUGHTER CHARGE
AGAINST PARENTS.

Henry Korman Perkins (28), plate-layer's labourer, of Canning Town, E., and Louise Perkins (28), his wife, were remanded yesterday at West Ham Police Court, when charged with the manslaughter of their three-year-old son by neglecting to provide medical aid.

Inspector Dixon said that on the previous day he was present at the West Ham Coroner's Court where the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoners. He arrested them on a coroner's warrant.

It was stated at the inquest that the parents belonged to the "Peculiar People." When the child fell ill they called in orders of their faith, who anointed the child and laid hands upon him, but he died.

The parents said they did not call in a doctor because "they believed in and trusted the Lord."

Dr. Kennedy, the police surgeon, said death was due to diphtheria.

Comment: Did the child suffer much? Yes, it is a death by slow strangulation. In all probability had the child had a dose of diphtheria anti-toxin it would have recovered.

£200 ALIMONY.

AWARD TO WIFE OF FORMER
OWNER OF WHITE BUD.

The decision was given in the Hamilton Sheriff's Court in the action brought by Mrs. Mary New Dingley, of Glasgow, against her husband, George John Dingley, turf commission agent (late owner of White Bud, winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap), for increased alimony.

The parties were separated in 1916, when the wife was awarded alimony of £1 a week.

She contended that her husband cleared £50,000 by White Bud's victory, and that his income was £1,000 to £1,500 a year.

The husband alleged that any increased allowance would be spent in drink, as she was of intemperate habits.

The Sheriff now stated that the husband's conviction that a large allowance would be unwisely did not seem wholly groundless, but he decided to increase the alimony to £200 a year.

NICE CAUSE BIG BLAZE.

Rats or mice nibbling at boxes of matches stacked in the window of a hardware dealer's shop in Friar-street, Worcester, are believed to have caused a fire which broke out there yesterday.

The thoroughfare is very narrow and contains a number of ancient, half-timbered buildings, but the fire brigade prevented the flames spreading to them, although the hardware shop was gutted.

THE LION LEADS IN CURING

BURGEES'
LION OINTMENT

It is the most powerful remedy for the cure of all the most common ailments of the human body. It is a powerful remedy for the cure of all the most common ailments of the human body. It is a powerful remedy for the cure of all the most common ailments of the human body.

PARMIN'
DOUBLE STRENGTH

STOPS
COUGHS
ENDS
BAD
COLDS

Grandma's Remedy for 50
Year and Still the Best.

FIFTY years ago Grandma used it. It is the most powerful remedy for the cure of all the most common ailments of the human body. It is a powerful remedy for the cure of all the most common ailments of the human body. It is a powerful remedy for the cure of all the most common ailments of the human body.

2/6
Weekly

39%
CASH

2/6
Weekly

39%
CASH

2/6
Weekly

THE ELECTION SONG—LET IT RIP AT YOUR MEETINGS!

KEEP THE HOME-FIRES BURNING

MR. BALDWIN—"Our policy is a very simple one—Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Music by IVOR NOVELLO.

Tempo di Marcia.

Voice.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

1. When the boys march'd out to
2. There are those who come with

mf e poco sto.

bat - tie For the land they loved so well, In the high re- solve to do or die 'til
plead - ing, They are men with out a claim, In the past they went un - head - ing, And they

for - man's shot and shell, Tho' the land was swept with sad - ness, And our
nev - er played the game, It is Brit - ain for the Brit - ish, And our

hearts were full of pain, Yet we shrilled with pride and glad - ness, As we
Lead - er will not shrink, Till we've won the joy of liv - ing Through the

roll.

Keep the home - fires burn - ing, While your hearts are yearn - ing, ing, ing
Keep the home - fires burn - ing, While your hearts are yearn - ing, ing, ing

f 2nd time.

Though your lads are far a - way They dream of a Home; way.
We - get that the For - eign - er would steal a way.

There's a - li - ver I'm sing - ing, Through the dark cloud shi - ning, ing, ing
Stand for Home and Neigh - bour, Spain at the For - eign - er's hand.

Turn the dark cloud the lit - tle out till the boys come to Home, way.
Hold the way's the lit - tle out till the boys come to Home, way.

And CHORUS.
So keep the home fires burning,
Cuddles and croonings,
Help the men who're waiting you to see a
Through.
At the next election,
Please for trade protection,
Keep the 41 union for seven top.

Copyright, Messrs. Ascherberg, Hopwood & Co., Ltd., 16, Mortimer Street, Regent Street, London, W.1.

ADDITIONAL VERSE—
Though we can't see the road,
We shall take the right man's word,
We shall take the right man's word,
To keep the home fires burning,
To keep the home fires burning,
To keep the home fires burning,
To keep the home fires burning.

Permission has been given to "The People" by the composer, Mr. Ivor Novello, and the publishers, Messrs. Ascherberg, Hopwood and Co., Ltd., to reproduce the music of the war-time song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and to set it to new topical election verses.

BOLSON BROS. (INCORPORATED), 129, STRAND, W.C.

No film has ever obtained such notices as "DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS" at the PALACE THEATRE.

Note:

We have only room to quote 6 out of scores of delighted comments; others will appear in future advertisements.

"A great sea story. If all films were as good as this, criticism would be a sinecure."—*Daily Express*.

"The chase and harpooning of a giant bull whale are astounding—a genuine thrill. Particularly charming scenes of romance."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Exhilarating freshness—the adventurous love story is carried along at a breathless pace."—*Daily Sketch*.

"Thrilling realism."—*Daily Mirror*.

"A roaring climax, one of the finest things of its kind ever put on the screen."—*Evening News*.

"Vivid, rousing, and novel."—*Evening Standard*.

TO-NIGHT at 8.0
Week Days at 2.45 and 8.45.
Phone: GERRARD 9824.

The People.

OFFICE: 40, Wellington Street, STRAND, W.C.2.
PHONE: GERRARD 9824.
TELEGRAMS: THE PEOPLE, LONDON.
EDITORIAL: 11, GERRARD 9824.

AT THE JAR OF THE NATION.

Free Trade is to-day on trial at the bar of the nation, and in a few days the public jury will be called upon to find one of the most momentous verdicts in our history. The great question, which is being put before the people is whether in a time of unexampled industrial crisis our markets shall continue to be flooded with unrestricted imports, which pay no toll and negative the best efforts of British workers; or whether we shall exercise our right to impose certain tariffs as a means of checking the dumping of foreign manufactures, making them contribute to our hard-hit revenue, and possessing ourselves of a weapon with which we can bargain with protected rivals.

Lord Birkenhead, who possesses one of the keenest and most incisive intellects this country can boast, has instanced the case of motor-cars as an example of how this country is handicapped under present fiscal conditions. In one week, he said at the Constitutional Club, the United States produces as many motor-cars as we produce in a year, yet twelve years ago we were exporting motor-cars to the United States. And figures have since been published to show clearly enough that the tax put upon touring-cars imported into this country has stimulated that industry enormously without adding to the price, in addition to affording work for thousands of skilled men. And conversely, the absence of an import duty on commercial cars results in the dwindling of that branch of the industry and the consequent idleness of many thousands of men.

Desperate efforts are being made to discredit these results, because it is realised by both Liberals and Labour men that such a concrete example of the evils of unrestricted imports and the benefits of a tariff spells danger for their abstract theories. But no amount of political dust should be allowed to blind the eyes of the electors, for the point is vital. Neither Liberalism nor Labour offers any hope for the working man in his present plight. Liberals bid us settle the affairs of the world first, and wait for some hypothetical reaction in favour of our own industry. But in the meantime our workmen are on the verge of starvation; they cannot wait for the stabilisation of Europe. The Labour remedy is to take from us even that which we have, by means of a Capital Levy, and wait for the good things which will never materialise.

Mr. Baldwin puts his programme in the proper order. Our need is immediate and imperative, hence let us see to ourselves first. He has a definite remedial policy. He proposes to tax the foreign products which compete with our own, while leaving untouched the people's food. Free food and more money with which to purchase it—that is his aim. During the war even the great Free Trade apostles saw the necessity of protection for British industry, but it never struck them that the People would make similar de-

mands upon us. What is necessary now is to close the ever-open door of the unemployment relief exchanges and open the ever-closed door of our workshops; give our workmen a chance of living by the sweat of their brows, and preserving their independence and self-respect.

Twenty years ago Mr. Joseph Chamberlain foresaw the dangers of our fiscal policy, he told us what would happen to us industrially when the day of trial came, and his forecast has been verified to the letter. His son has remained faithful to the paternal policy, and now fights in the foremost ranks of Mr. Baldwin's army. That army is, we hope and believe, marching to victory. "The campaign," says Mr. Baldwin, "is going splendidly," and though Liberalism and Labour, and a great part of the "popular Press" is against him, he can beat them all if the electors give him their help. If the electors are wise to their own interests they will do so.

TRUST THE WOMEN.

"The People" has never had any fear of the women of England, and has none now. They will do their duty at this election. We hold with Mrs. Bridgeman, wife of the Home Secretary, who attributes to her sex the possession of shrewd common-sense and a desire to see their men folk working for good wages rather than have our factories idle and over a million of men unemployed in order that Liberal leaders may continue to fight for the foreign manufacturer and the employment of foreign labour. If Liberal and Labour Free Traders think to frighten the women with the spectre of dearer food they are mistaken. They will find that out in good time.

SAFETY FIRST—PROTECTION.

The Way to More Work—Why is Britain the Cinderella of the Nations?

The British Government feels that this country has for too long been the dumping-ground of all manner of foreign goods, to the detriment of its own industries.

Mr. Baldwin asks for protection of industries because he knows it will do much to provide the British workers with constant employment at a fair wage, and will encourage our home and Dominion industries. Our factories have had to close down, because manufacturers cannot compete with foreign goods produced by cheap labour paid for in paper money. Britain has to pay substantial duty in cash on the goods exported. Thus she contributes to the rates and taxes of the inhabitants of those countries with whom she deals. But these nations do not return the compliment.

To the Working Man.

YOU know what to do with a blackleg, the fellow who sells his labour at under your union wage and robs you of your living. He gets short shrift.

Why not deal with the blacklegging foreign import in the same way? Boycott them till they come into the market on fair and square terms.

So long as Britain's markets are unprotected, foreign labour is free to understate the British, and the longer this state of affairs continues the greater will be the number of unemployed.

To the Housewife.

HOW do you like your eggs? Fresh and British? Well, back up the Government that insisted on the Merchandise Marks Act and protected you from having imported eggs passed on to you as British.

Look Ahead.

MR. BALDWIN says: "In my view the time is coming when we ought to aim at linking up all these benefits of Old-Age Pensions and National Health and Unemployment Insurance to see whether it is not possible to devise a more comprehensive, a more water-tight, a more beneficial scheme for the people of this country than exists to-day."

Sociable Socialists.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD says that Socialist proposals are for the settlement of European difficulties, the declaration of a firm, courageous and moral British policy that will make certain nations of Europe ashamed of themselves.

Yes, but has British labour to go unemployed until Europe has reformed? It may take at least another ten winters.

The Unionist party is finding a way now to give you work.

Why?

WHY do other nations stick to protection? Because they know it is the only means to enable them to live under distressing after-war circumstances, and because Britain is the only open market where they can dump all their surplus goods.

They don't want to buy British goods, because they buy their own.

That is what Britain must do!

Syrup of Ills.

"ALL countries where labour is protected," says Mr. MacDonald, "have to face normal unemployment." Well and truly spoken, but how is it that, with the exception of Soviet Russia, Britain, the unprotected country, has more unemployment than any other in the world.

Protection Logic.

IF you break your neighbour's windows, you have to pay for them.

Your goods pay taxes to foreign nations; imported ones are free to come in when they please. The foreigners who undersell the British workman pay not a single farthing to our revenue.

Yes, we have no protection, but we have some very high taxes which we must pay all by ourselves.

Hard Facts.

FORMERLY this country produced two-thirds of the world's total production of iron and steel. Germany doubled our production; to-day America alone produces more than five times as much as we do. These facts mentioned by Lord Birkenhead need no elaboration.

TALK OF THE PEOPLE

An Apostle of Empire—
Fight in the North—
The Retort Effective.

By WIDEAWAKE.

The Fight in the North.

The election fight rages fast and furious. In the North of England especially the interest in the campaign is intense, more so, indeed, than at the last election. There is little doubt that the arguments in favour of a policy of protection are receiving careful consideration from the working man. It is interesting to watch the thoughtful faces at many a Conservative meeting in the North.

The Common Enemy.

In the County of Northumberland there has been a disposition on the part of both Liberals and Conservatives to arrive at a working agreement as to the constituencies to be contested. Labour is very strong and is the common enemy to both parties. It has, therefore, been possible for the party managers to contrive as many straight fights as possible against the Socialist candidates. I should not be surprised if one or two seats are redeemed from Socialism in this way.

Husband and Wife.

Quite a piquant situation has arisen in the county division of Northumberland. Mrs. Philipson, or Mabel Russell as she is still known to a host of admirers, is again standing for the Berwick-on-Tweed division. She should retain her seat with ease. In the meanwhile her husband, Captain Philipson, is contesting the neighbouring constituency also in the Conservative interest. If, as is probable, they are both returned to Parliament, it will be the first time in the history of this country that a husband and wife will both be able to write the letters M.P. after their names. The best of luck to both!

Going Strong.

The first week's electoral campaigning has certainly improved the position of the Government. On all sides there is comment upon the foolishness of Mr. Lloyd George's speeches, and the colourless programme put forward by the Liberal Party. Labour leaders, by their display of annoyance, are

giving a clear indication of how little the General Election promises to do for their party.

Too Straight For Him.

Mr. Arthur Henderson described the arrangement made by Conservatives and Liberals in Newcastle and the County of Northumberland to give Labour a straight fight as an Unholy Alliance. It is not at all unlikely that the "godless" electors may reject him in East Newcastle, his colleague Mr. Adams in West Newcastle, Mr. Waine in Wansbeck, and Mr. Patrick Hastings, K.C., in Wallend. By the way, Mr. Hastings, at a public meeting, thanked God that he was a Socialist. When the meeting was over many of his supporters said they had witnessed the finest bit of acting since the visit some years ago of Sir John Martin Harvey.

An Apostle of Empire.

An interesting fight is proceeding in the Brentford and Chiswick Division of Middlesex, and it will become more strenuous between now and December 6. For Lt.-Col. Grant Morden, the Unionist candidate, who has sat for the constituency since 1918, is no laggard in political war. He is a veritable apostle of Empire, he knows the British dominions from A to Z, and all about them; what they need, what they want, and what they will have. He is all out for the British Empire, and he is all out to win handsomely in Brentford and Chiswick.

Two to One.

The contest is complicated by the entry of a third candidate, Mr. W. Haywood, a Labourite, whom the Colonel beat "to a frazzle" in 1918. Mrs. Strachey, defeated in November, 1922, is again the Independent candidate, and she is very keen on capturing the seat, but—well, though it's two-to-one against the Colonel it's two-to-one ON him if I'm any judge. He is an ideal representative for a constituency which is so largely industrial, a business man, a generous employer, and a sportsman to his finger tips. He and his wife—who, by the way, is an excellent speaker—are immensely popular in the constituency. At Heatherden Hall, near Uxbridge, Col. Grant Morden keeps quite a number of fine hunters and breeds some of the finest dogs I have ever seen. What is important, too, he employs a large number of hands on his estate. I have played cricket against his house team, so I know. There are some additional references to him on another page.

The Retort Effective.

A public meeting was being held and the candidate was straining every nerve to impress his audience. "I feel convinced," said he, "that I shall be returned to Parliament as your member," whereupon the persistent interrupter ejaculated in a loud voice "I don't think." "I know you don't, and that's your chief trouble," retorted the candidate, and his chances of success increased from that moment.

Fewer Posters.

I find that, generally speaking, candidates are laying their plans to fight this campaign as economically as possible. True it is making a virtue out of necessity, but most electors will not regret the absence of the blatant and often vulgar posters stuck to every available hoarding. The modern elector realises that an election is being held without the aid of doubtful debts.

The Irish Government.

A friend was congratulating a very prominent official in Ireland the other day upon the improved state of the distressed country. "At last," said he, "you have a stable Government." "Yes," replied the official, "that describes it well. Half the Government are stablemen and the others are men of straw." You would be surprised if I named the official.

Election Weather.

Candidates and voters are enjoying the usual type of General Election weather, ice, snow and slush, according to the part of England. Snowfalls are an added terror to a nervous candi-

date, but fortunately eggs are very dear just at present. Perhaps that is the reason why a Government generally chooses a winter election.

Pot-house Rhetoric.

The political correspondent of a Radical contemporary informs the world that "Liberal headquarters is frankly astonished at the wave of enthusiasm which the reunion of the party set in motion last week," and declares in a headline that the "Heather is on fire." Well, knowing something of the north, I give its people credit for hard heads and sound sense, not to mention decency in public argument. If the heather can be set on fire by the pot-house rhetoric of Mr. Lloyd George, full of fury but absolutely devoid of argument, then so much the worse for the north. As a matter of fact, I rather think it will be so much the worse for the bell-cose little man and his party.

Cant and Humbug.

Of course, one hardly expects Mr. Lloyd George to come down to bed-rock facts, and serious argument is not exactly his forte. He loves metaphors, and these are as mixed as his logic or his geography. But after all, he might do his hearers the compliment of appealing to their reason now and then. What on earth does he mean by accusing the Government of running up the "Jolly Roger"? Is there any sense or argument in this? If so, where? And what may this lurid passage mean? "No," says Liberalism. "Search all lands, take the best in every clime, take the gold of Ophir, and the cedars from Lebanon, build your temple, and when you have built it, consecrate it to the service and the glory of God." Sheer cant and humbug of the lowest description. And, mind you, Mr. Lloyd George accuses his opponents of being "wild men."

Baldwin's Chance!

Poor Mr. Baldwin, what a duffer he must be! "He has had a good chance of settling the affairs of Europe," wails Mr. Lloyd George, "and he has failed." Just imagine it! And he has been Prime Minister for just six months! Almost as many months as Mr. Lloyd George was years in office. Incidentally, the "wisard" did not "settle the affairs of Europe," but never mind. He gave Europe a chance and it will settle itself. "It will build up little islands that will rise above the waves of the tempest and that will flourish as the palm trees of peace and produce fruits in abundance to the children of men." "Refreshing fruits," of course, the kind that are sold at fourpence for ninepence, or ninepence for fourpence—or any old price.

Franchised to the Cabinet.

I doubt very much whether any preacher ever had a more remarkable congregation than the late Dr. Clifford on the occasion of the funeral in 1915 of Mr. Percy Illingworth, M.P., the most popular Liberal Whip since the days of Tom Ellis. I think I am right in saying that the entire Cabinet, headed by Mr. Asquith, the then Premier, and with him Viscount Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, and others including under secretaries, private secretaries, and officials of all kinds, assembled to pay a last tribute to this very lovable personality. Dr. Clifford delivered a singularly pathetic discourse which had the effect of moving many to tears!

Germany—What Next?

There is no use disguising the fact that the fall of the Stresemann Cabinet in Germany is another considerable setback to a settlement in Central Europe. Republican Chancellors have failed so conspicuously that it is not improbable that the errors of the Hohenzollerns may be forgotten and forgiven. Don't be surprised if royalty is speedily restored in Germany.

Confidences.

Do you know the story of the man who, returning from his honeymoon, invited his best friend to dinner to meet his wife? After she had left the room the husband asked what his guest thought of her. The friend tried to change the subject, but after being pressed to give an answer, said: "Well, if you must have the truth, I don't like her at all." "Is that so?" said the husband, "well, as a matter of fact, neither do I."

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By THE LOUNGER.

THIS is a very important week, for it will include the following outstanding events:

Monday: Nominations of Parliamentary candidates.

Tuesday: Birthday of "The Lounger." In view of the gravity of the political situation it is hoped that no public recognition of the latter event will be attempted, in order that the electors may concentrate their attention on work of national importance.

In this connection I should like to ask whether the polling stations which so many of us will be using on Thursday week cannot be made more comfortable than in previous years. There are usually draughts and sometimes dirt, and the general atmosphere is something between that of a mauling and the Old Bailey. It is not exactly cheering for the voter, but it is a positive penance for the officials who sit there from early morn till dewy eve with blue noses and frozen feet.

IT is a truism that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and we should be grateful to those who endeavour to create a better understanding. Of such is Mr. Bromley, a well-known Labour leader and trades union official, who is particularly interested in railway matters.

From him I gather that as I sit in the dining-car of my train even my busy soup-spoon cannot compete with the implement of the fireman on the engine, for that worthy fellow (says Mr. Bromley) uses his shovel 1500 times in every hour. With the assistance of a clever young mathematical friend (a Third Former practically certain of his remove after Christmas) I have ascertained that this works out at 25.23 shovelful of coal per minute, or about one every two seconds.

Only those who, hanzing by their teeth from the footplate, have been privileged to admire what has been happily described as the *black rainbow* formed by the coal hurled over the fireman's shoulder into the fire-box can have realised the astounding nature of the feat.

It is only fair to emphasise the fact that Mr. Bromley is an adherent of the Party which has fathered that ingenious financial proposal known as a Capital Levy.

AFTER the remarkable, but well-deserved success of "The Beggar's Opera," it is pleasant to learn that Dr. Arnold's pastoral opera, "Love in a Village," will be revived at the Everyman Theatre.

On my table lies a closely printed publication issued by the old John Dicks Press, who put out the wonderful and voluminous novels of the late Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds; it is entitled:

No. 1.—THE BRITISH DRAMA, containing THE GAMESTER, JANE SHORE, THE MAN OF THE WORLD, and LOVE IN A VILLAGE. The Penny Play. With which is presented, GRATIS, Portraits of Mr. C. Kean and Mr. B. Phelps.

Dr. Arns composed the music nearly 40 years after the production of Mr. Gay's piece, and the libretto is by Isaac Bickerstaff.

I wonder how many people realise that some of their favourite songs were first heard in this opera. "Come, Ladies and Lads" and "The Jolly Miller" are two of the best known. The dialogue is extremely amusing, and there are some other delightful songs. Rosetta, chiding her friend Lucinda for her weakness, exclaims:

Whereas can you inherit
No devil's share, and chain'd to a log?
Confound it, now child,
Now fondled, now chid,
Now scolded, now scolded,
'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For shame! you a lover!
No devil's share, and chain'd to a log?
Take courage, nor let longer move;
Resist and be free,
Run riot, like me,
And, to perfect the picture, elope.

A countryman named Hodge provides broad humour in this strain:
A word to the wise,
Will always suffice:
Admirers! go talk to your parrot;
I'll not such an ell
From my side, I say it myself,
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

But, in these days of domestic difficulties, the housemaid's song, from the "servants' medley" is particularly delightful:

I pray ye, gentle, list to me:
I'm young, and strong, and clean, you see:
I'll not turn tail to any one,
For we are the best in the country.
Of all your house the charge I take,
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake,
And more can do than here I'll speak,
Depending on your bounty.

WE have barely finished with the joyous young people who celebrate the memory of the man who tried to blow up the Houses of Parliament by making hideous explosions—the young people do. I mean, as Mr. Faulkner wanted to do. They have their point of view, of course (and really there may be something in it, you know), but I wish they could do it more quietly. And now we have the carol-singers with us.

I can enjoy being reminded by a well-trained choir of the shepherds who watched their flocks by night, but I like to enjoy it at the proper time and place.

It seems to me that the casual parties of carolers who parade the streets have some uncanny means of selecting the moment when Baby is just dropping off to sleep, and waking him into contented activity with their powerful voices. I do not blame Baby; I would not tolerate such competition myself! But it is hard on the parents. If one hunk out a sign:

BABY JUST GONE TO SLEEP

perhaps they would take the hint and transfer their operations to the pavilions at the end round the corner. It might be worth trying.



JOHN BULL: "NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, ALL TOGETHER, PLEASE."

(Words and music on page 4.)

[illegible]

Preparing Chrysanthemums for Christmas

of reformation carried out with the same care and more easily divided or transplanted. The plants should be looked to, and where they are found to be liable to any extent should be added as a top-dress before the winter or from lack of rooting stage. These rock-roses have become common and more plentiful than the overgrown plants locally, and after they soil required to fill crevices and cracks in the rocks, and to form a mass too large to replace what has been removed. They are found in Niche in crany paving, stone paths, and in the crevices of the rock, and in suitable moorland subjects. The budding out of bulbs and spring plants should be carefully concluded, and the soil is sufficiently open to disturbance and encourage re-established soil. Sub-planting is not desired, and the undergrowth should be removed which have still time to make plants worth before the spike of green appears. Where strong, young, tufty plants are available I strongly advise their use, rather than in spring. Caution will be required to remove the

[illegible]

WAKELEY'S HOP MANURE

Produce
Genuine
Guaranteed
Clean to
Carriage
per
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100
lb.
at
the
rate
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10
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per
cwt.
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SPECIAL OFFER.

Amateur Fruit Collection

APPLES (Cot's 1, Cocking 1, 2 Pears, 1 P
 1 Cherry 6 Red Currants, 6 Black Curr
 12 Rasp. Currants mid, 15/6
 These are all strong, healthy trees, which w
 do well in any garden.
 Strawberries, 5/- 100; Raspberries, 3/- 100
 6 GLOUSION BUSH ROSES and 3 RANBLER
 10/6, Cottage sale.

THOUSANDS OF ROSES TO OFFER.
Christmas Buns, 6d and 1/- Clums.

[illegible][illegible]

**GIBBS' PERFECT ONE-FOOT
BROAD BEANS
GREAT FREE GIFTS.**

(Gibbs' Food can be ordered from the following sources.)
 Send ONE only for this book. FREE!

Gibbs' Food **can be ordered from the following sources.**
 Catalogues for **Gibbs' Food 1924.**
 New Number. **Post FREE!**

E. T. GIBBS, F.R.M.S.,
 The Priory Bradman, East Finchley.

UN : Right and Wrong. Thin
 to Serve Warm Mash

throughout the winter than will Jesus. (p. 103)
 lost food of the day, through the
 Food is, to a foal's body, equivalent to
 milk used under the boiler of a heating
 apparatus. Its generation, heat is attendant
 on it. New Number of Gibbs' Food
 works' heating apparatus "banks up
 with food-burned fuel" if he does
 not get his night. It is the same as respect to
 generation of heat in the foal's body. If
 he does not get his night, he will be
 generation of heat is to keep comfortably
 the night. It would be supplied with food
 setting nature, such as grain.
 To give soft food to foals before the
 time to house is equivalent to banking
 the furnace of a heating apparatus with

or other quick-burning fuel.
Let the birds have warm mash for
at the rate of 500 lbs. per bird, follow-
ing the rate of 100 lbs. per bushel of grain,
per bushel of grain at noon, and a few
pounds of grain before roosting time. In-
stead of rain water, give the birds
water in litter; and following the severe
frost, let the birds have drinking wa-
ter in a lukewarm condition.

THE GULF STAR

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March 1906, Hatch, 3-8, Co.
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Colman's Poultry Mustard

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of reformation carried out with the same care and more easily divided or transplanted. The plants should be looked to, and where they are found to be liable to any extent should be added as a top-dress before the winter or from lack of rooting stage. These rock-roses have become common and more plentiful than the overgrown plants locally, and after they soil required to fill crevices and cracks in the rocks, and to form a mass too large to replace what has been removed. They are found in Niche in crany paving, stone paths, and in the crevices of the rock, and in suitable moorland subjects. The budding out of bulbs and spring plants should be carefully concluded, and the soil is sufficiently open to disturbance and encourage re-established soil. Sub-planting is not desired, and the undergrowth should be removed which have still time to make plants worth before the spike of green appears. Where strong, young, tufty plants are available I strongly advise their use, rather than in spring. Caution will be required to remove the

[illegible]

WAKELEY'S HOP MANURE

Produce
Genuine
Guaranteed
Clean to
Carriage
per
bag
of
100
lb.
at
the
rate
of
10
s.
per
cwt.
plus
10
s.
per
cwt.
for
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and
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 1 Cherry, 3 Red Currants, 3 Black Currants
 12 Hops, Carriage Paid, 10/6
 These are all strong, healthy trees, which will
 Strawberry, 1/-; 100; Raspberries, 1/-; 100;
GLOXIOUS BUSH ROSE AND 3 RANUNCULUS
 10/6, Carriage Paid.

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 Climbing, Bush, 90 and 1 1/2 Clump.
 Lily of Valley, 5' and 1/2 100
 100 Wallflowers, 8 named varieties, &c.
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 LAKER'S ROYAL HAMPTON NURSERY
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[illegible][illegible]

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GREAT FREE GIFTS.

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UN : Right and Wrong Tins to Serve Warm Mash

stoves, it generates heat in the atmosphere. Now, say efficient attendant of a "hot" heating apparatus "banks" the fire. The heat will be distributed other with also-burning fuel. If the fire have heat generated throughout the night's night. It is the same with respect to generation of heat in the body. If the body is kept comfortably warm throughout the night it must be supplied with food and clothing, such as grain.

To give off food to souls before the fire to read is equivalent to "banking" the furnace of a heating apparatus with fuel.

Let the birds have warm mash for breakfast at the rate of 2ozs. per bird, followed by 1oz. per bird of grain at noon, and a 1/2 ozs. of grain before roosting time. First wash the grain in litter; and following this service warm mash let the birds have drinking water in a lukewarm condition.

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LUCKY IN LOVE.

The Enthralling Adventures of a "Beauty Shop" Girl.

By
BERTA
RUCK.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Next Morning.

WOULD you not have imagined that after such a day and such a night I should have slept on for at least nine hours on end?

After such a day—after such a night—after attending one dinner party and two dances under false pretences—one lover's quarrel, one proposal, one nearly being drowned, and the crowning discovery that my only reliable admirer had jilted me—my only all these shocks and stresses I might surely have been expected not to stir until well past midday.

But out is a tough sex, my sisters! Never have I discovered why the masculine sex should ever be alluded to as the stronger sex. In other words, they say they are because they know they aren't. But as it may, I woke up next morning before I was called.

Or perhaps I was called! Roused by a strong latent reminder that I must not, whatever happened, allow myself to be taken unawares. Probably all the time I was asleep my deep down, hidden, ungodly mind had been at work. It was meditating—"What am I to do next? Let me think. Do not let me forget how much depends upon me, Marie Louise Thersford, now. Do not let me imagine that I can peacefully sleep on and on until after the people of this house have had their breakfast—and I have come up to find out how her old schoolfellow in this morning—until she has told her fiancé that his late love is under the same roof—until Rufus has also got up and forgotten with all of them and told them his version of the wild story—and until Heaven only knows what has been happening in London between Celia and her Fighting Ant. I simply must be beforehand with every one of these people."

So I woke up. That last organising mind of mine did not allow me any time to wonder where I was. Instantly I knew. Here I was at Mrs. Wyn-Harrison's lovely riverside home—the house of last night into which I had got by mistake. But of it I must get myself so soon as was humanly possible.

Round my room I looked. Through chintz curtains patterned with caparines on a cream ground, the sunshine of a gay summer morning was streaming in. It rested on the golden eiderdown hung over the foot of my bed, on the toilet case of silver gilded glass on the water-colour drawings framed in white on the yellow walls and on the lemon yellow box set at the side of the bed. Ah, it was a charmingly artistic room. My beauty-loving eyes could take that in even as I sprang up, hastily pushed my rumpled mop of hair out of my eyes and pressed the bell that dangled by the amber cord at the side of my pillow. There was an interval in which I threw one anxious glance at the clock in its lemon leather case on the dressing-table.

Twenty minutes to seven. Right and good!

I glanced about for my clothes. None there, of course. Hoping, Fendoulou, looking for my shoes, I slipped on my stockings, every wet stitch that I had had on last night had been spirited away. Here was nothing for me to wear except the yellow silk nightgown and the padded kimono which those kindly strangers had lent to me.

Just as this fact went home, the white door opened. Enter—in a yellow cretonne frock and white apron and a white mop cap—one of the maids.

I gave her one such glance. In my trade one learns to sum up people. This girl, upon whose help I now depended was quite young; she was nice looking. Good.

Why good? Because in nine cases out of ten the attractive woman is more likely to be good-natured than the dull. That's not always so. One has seen the passives and the plain being touchingly kind to the young and fair. But as a general rule you can take it that elderliness and lack of looks are enough to make any woman less good-natured than she might be if she were not embittered by fruitlessly carrying the gifts of youth and beauty of other women.

This maid of the Wyn-Harrisons, who had smooth fair hair and the demure expression of a child who is secretly sucking sweets, came up to my bed with a pleasant smile.

Marie Louise and the Maid.

"Good morning, miss. I hope you feel none the worse after last night."

"That's good, miss. We didn't hardly expect to hear any sound from you for hours yet. Everybody in the house nearly left off for nobody to go near until half-past nine. (News which I repeated greatly to her.) I don't think I kept you waiting, miss, for the tea."

Here she set down beside me the exquisite early-morning tea-set in yellow that matched everything else in that charming room. The thought that through me that this was probably the last time in my life that I should ever wake in such a bedroom, even as the Wyn-Harrisons' maid poured out the tea, she handed me the yellow plate with brown bread and butter, this cigarette paper, and asked obligingly, "Is there anything else I can do for you, miss, before you are ready for your bath, and to have me bring your breakfast up?"

"Yes, please," said I promptly. "There is one very great deal that you can do for me. To begin with, I must get myself dressed and up to London again without wasting a single moment."

Very well, miss, replied the well-trained maid, obviously suppressing her natural hesitation. "Of course, I will have the orders to be sure not to disturb you until you rang. I think Mrs. Wyn-Harrison means for you to stay in bed for the morning, at least, miss. And then that other young lady—your friend Miss Roberts—I think she said she was going to come in and help you dress."

"Well, I could imagine the programme of all that I wished to avoid." Had I perhaps better pop in and let Miss Roberts know?

Certainly not, please. Please listen very carefully to what I want to tell you. You see I am in a great hurry. Such a hurry that I am afraid I cannot possibly wait to see anybody at all. Not Miss Roberts. Not Mrs. Wyn-Harrison. Nobody. I'll just have a note for Mrs. Wyn-Harrison to say (I was going to say "excuse me") This I altered to "polite excuse." And I'll leave the address for where Miss Roberts's clothes are to be sent on. They are not dry yet, I suppose.

Oh, no, miss. They hold the water badly. All that lovely thick

brocade and all. Of course they'll iron out all right, I think, later on. And I know Miss Roberts was going to bring you a lot of her own things to pick out whatever of her you would care to wear until your own luggage could be sent for."

So like our thoughtful Maudie, thought I. And I was behaving so nicely towards her.

There will be no time for me to go to choose any of Miss Roberts' things, said I peremptorily, quickly drinking up tea and eating the bread and butter. "Now wait—that pink satin bag I had with my fancy costume, is that there, or did I drop it in the river?"

"That's drying on the hotwater pipes with the other things."

"Oh, thank goodness! And what about the things that were in the bag?"

"I've got them all perfectly safely here, miss. And she brought them from the dressing table, where they had probably been laid down last night when I, myself, was still too dead asleep to know what was happening. There they all were, the toys. Little the worse for their drenching. Celia's little gold chased silver box, her gold chased lipstick, Vale hair bandkerchief, ten shillings in silver, one £5 note and one tenner now dry."

That £10 note I had nearly offered to Rufus before I knew who he was last night. Verily that would have made me look more a fool than I had already done. This morning the money would stand me in good stead. The £5 note or the tenner? I felt this was important enough to take both if necessary, but it was the tenner that I held out to the Wyn-Harrisons' maid.

"I've Got to Get Away."

"Get me dressed and out of this house in less than an hour's time and without any fuss or delay and this is for you."

The girl's face changed. "Oh, Miss," she gasped. "I couldn't think of it."

But I knew she could.

By the sudden lighting up of those blue eyes I realised that £10 meant as much to her in service in a luxurious house as it did to me, also in service of a different kind at a Beauty Shop. When one is in the know by working oneself, one reads so quickly the possibilities behind the young composed faces of other working girls. One almost sees the little home behind the tiny shop that has to be heaped to be financed—the sister's baby and the rent of the seaside—the trousers to be acquired. In the case of this demure maid it became clear to me that she was the kind that needed money "to get a few things together."

That's why she coveted the note.

"It's yours. To help with your wedding dress! If you'll please help me. I know you will. I am in a hole. (Parental cry of girlhood, rich cry of girlhood, it seems.)"

"I can't tell you why, but I must get up to London early this morning. At once. And, as you are a girl to another, I ask not of it."

The pretty maid met my appealing eyes with a quick masonic look.

Why is it always said that all girls are easy to all other girls? Not true, not true. Merely another of these compensating dreams by men. They, I imagine, pine to make themselves out of pity for their sweet sake any woman is eager to scratch the eyes out of every other feminine head. Simply it is not so. In my experience one member of the handicapped sex (for that is what we remain physically) is ever so ready to rush to the rescue of another member. It's the poor that help the poor. That maid was as good as her look.

"Hugot you are, Miss. You mean you don't want anybody in the house disturbed to see you off. That's right. Then I'll fetch you a quite new costume of my own. Navy; always looks nice and quiet. I haven't had it on only once or twice. And some underthings. You won't mind putting them on? They are quite nice. Things I have been saving up."

"For the bottom drawer?" I smiled.

"Yes, a dear. Please bring the things now. Where is the bathroom? While I am getting ready can you arrange for a taxi? (Bang would go my remaining five.)"

Surprised the maid turned from the door.

"Last, miss! But your car is in the garage here."

"I know. But I can't go in the car. The man who drove me—I suppose you didn't hear? The man who drove me down was in livery, but—but you know that was a kind of fancy dress, too. I told her, feeling more than silly, also told her, annoyed with Rufus. That was part of it—he was a friend."

I couldn't say "of mine."

"What was he the gentleman that got nearly drowned, too?"

"Yes, that one. Please see that he is not disturbed either. He specially isn't to be here. Nobody is. Only do please see that somehow I can get transport."

"Very good, miss."

Admirable girl.

In an amazingly short space of time there was I dressed in the maid's clothes. Particularly nice ones, too. Hand-made, quite as dainty as any that Celia Scandole herself might have worn. Black silk stockings—neat shoes—costume of fine blue serge, not at all unlike my own one presentable street suit, which my friend, Miss Davis, had wanted for me at cost price six months ago and which I had worn every day of my life since then to go to business.

"And here's this little black pull-on hat of Cook's, miss," suggested the pretty maid. "Her having bobbed hair like you, we thought it would be more likely to fit your head than what one of mine would."

Gratefully I pulled the little black hat of Cook's on over my own brown wig. The thoughtful maid had also provided her Sunday gloves of white washing suede, and a leather handbag in which to stow away the contents of that staid satchel.

Ready, miss! Really, everything looks exactly as if it belonged to you! It does, indeed—shoes and all," murmured the maid, speaking now in those hushed accents characteristic alike of people with some guilty secret and people with a sleeping baby in the house.

"Now, miss, the car will be waiting for you about halfway down the drive. I told them they hadn't got to come right up to the house in case of anybody happening to look out of the window. It's a Ford from the village which I sent the gardener's boy for; telephone still out of order, of course. This car—well, she runs beautiful. She belongs to an old gentleman in the village who is a sort of a confectioner of mice—well, he will be. My young man's father, he is, as a matter of fact. And as for driving—well, my Jim's driving you."

"Bless you," I said fervently.

"Angeli! What is your other name?"

"Ivy Saunders, miss."

"A thousand thanks, Ivy. May you have everything nice that you want," I exclaimed in a rush. "May you—yes, may you be happy in love."

She blushed and dimpled.

"Well, you can't think of a nicer wish for anyone than that, miss, can you, now? So far, it has come off. You'll see, my Jim—"

"I hope you will be frightfully happy with him always," said I, taking her warmly by both hands. "You don't know what it means to me getting safely away like this—"

"Hush!" blurted Ivy, clutching my hands.

Steps were coming down the corridor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ivy's Ruse.

IMMEDIATELY following this ominous sound came a light tap of the little brass knocker outside the last room door. A girlish voice murmured, "Marie Louise, may I come in?"

It was Maudie.

Disinayed, I opened my mouth—no doubt some impetuous exclamation

would have come out of it. But Ivy, the maid, promptly clasped her own work-roughened, helpful hand over my lips. Then with the other hand she thrust me back to sit on the edge of my bed. Petrified with horror, I found myself wondering in a succession of lightning flashes what was the thing to do now. What explanation, if any, I was to give to my old chum and school-fellow for the fact that I was now about to steal out of this hospitable house just like a female burglar, disguised in clothes stolen from one of the staff.

Full blown, a plan presented itself to me. For a moment I thought, "I will tell Maudie."

Oh, not about the Celia Scandole complications the time for that was not yet. Not that, but a half-truth. Namely, that I knew her identity, her fiancé, the hero of her last night's enthusiastic story. And that I was hopelessly in love with him myself. I would say nothing at all of his ever having proposed to me. (Only in sobbing whispers I would confide to his lady love that I would not bear to wait and see him in this house as the plighted husband of another girl. But as soon as I woke up in the morning to remember what Maudie had told me the night before, I knew I couldn't face it. So I planned to go, without waiting for anything more.)

This explanation appeared to me admirable for the space of about one second. Then in less time than one can count by seconds I realised it wouldn't work. Never should one confide to any girl in love any love story that brings in the name of the adored man.

Nearly always a tragedy of jealousy ensues. Besides, to tell her that the affection or friendship or infatuation or whatever it was, all on one side, and that not his. Unless to insist that he never looked at you. The fiancée will not believe it. She will be bound to make her own miserable. Later on Maudie would be certain to say to him, "What about Marie Louise? You must have cared for her once. Girls don't fall in love with men who have never looked at them even once. You've broken my heart to—"

Well, I wasn't going to have that put down to my charge. Even as I rejected that first plausible explanation the quick-witted Ivy had his own plan.

Softly she opened the door and slipped out of it quietly as a moth. Not a sound she closed it after her, keeping her own little handkerchief, now firmly on her nose.

From outside in the corridor I heard whispers—"

I waited sitting there on the bed. Footsteps, two sets of footsteps retreated down the corridor.

Centuries seemed to elapse.

I glanced at the clock.

It was only half-past seven now.

Then came returning footsteps, a tap of finger nails, a murmur of—"It's only Ivy."

Later once more my friend the maid. Conspicuously she closed the door behind her. With a soft giggle she murmured, "The coast is clear. You follow me now. I told the young lady I just popped in to see how you were and found you sleeping so sound it would be a shame to wake you."

"Disappointed she seemed."

"Disappointed?"

"Said she had got something she wanted to ask you before anybody else came near you. I told her everybody else was sleeping like as if they were in their coffin, and that nobody in this house would see you before she did, which was true enough. Gone back to her bed now. I've told Brown to take up her tea, so that will keep her quiet for a bit. You come with me down these back stairs, Miss."

With my heart in my mouth I followed this resourceful Ivy.

The Ubiquitous Rufus.

To my already thriving crop of anxieties there was now added the problem of what on earth Maudie Roberts had wanted to see me about before the rest of the house were astir. Disquieting thought. It was probably something to do with that fiancé of hers?

At all events, that was out of my hands for the present. Later on I might write and attend to that. In the meantime, what I had to do was to get away from her and everybody else under this roof. I followed Ivy. Down all sorts of passages we went, out of a back door into a yard. Morning sunlight was in brilliant contrast to the moonlight of last night. Everything was bright golden and smelt of roses. That perfume was improved, if anything, by the aroma of sizzling bacon that permeated those back premises. Ivy expressed regret that there hadn't been time to get me a bit of breakfast—went to right it was by the stable clock. I hadn't time to share that regret.

Having entered that place all ballooning and arrogant in my silk and satin, a reincarnated Court Lady! I slipped away from it all meek and obscure in navy blue serge, demurely hated, one of the world's "girls that have to work."

Down the side path I hastened with Ivy between the bushes to where, half-way up the drive, there was a small two-seater Ford with a wheel.

A young man with the features of a sort of good-natured bulldog appearing from below his peaked white covered cap. From the look of positively droll rapture which spread over the face of Ivy when she beheld him, I was hopeful enough for the girl's happiness with this Jim. (To think that you are lucky is to be lucky, in love.)

"Good morning," I said to him. "Ivy says you are going to be good enough to drive me up to London as fast as ever you can?"

"Miss," promised Jim, touching the cap, "there shan't be anything on four wheels pass us on the road till I have put you down at your door."

Such was the reliability of the bulldog face and of that homely cockney voice, that I felt this would be no vain boast. Once more shaking the maid Ivy warmly by the hand—once more reminding her—"You have, haven't you, got the address of Miss Celia Scandole, which is to return those clothes—I climbed into the Ford. I settled myself back against its well worn upholstery and gave a little exultant "Ah!" of relief to feel myself off. For now at last I could shake from my feet, ash as they were in Ivy's neat shoes, the dust of that place of precarious adventure. A quarter to eight—with any luck, driving as Jim evidently meant to drive, I ought to be at Celia's house in Knightsbridge before nine o'clock that morning. That was allowing for hold-ups in the traffic. I could get through my tense interview with Miss Scandole and turn up at Anthea's (now that I didn't have to change clothes again) at my usual hour.

Here let me warn everybody against over-using or even thinking in terms of this fateful phrase—"My troubles are at an end." For it seems to have some terribly stimulating and anti-Couché effect upon fate.

My troubles were not at an end. A fresh instalment of them waited for me at the very lodge gates of Mrs. Wyn-Harrison's charming house. It was in the form of another and more elegant car, drawn up at the avenue-side; showing at the wheel a neatly uniformed young man sitting, looking pleased with life with a cigarette between his lips and with a chauffeur's cap put on very smartly over his shining red hair.

Rufus, by all that was interesting!

Rufus was beforehand with me! . . .

And now, what?

(To be continued.)

Combined Winter and Raincoat.

These wonderful robes with 3 coats in one. Hundreds already delighted with the amazing value we offer. Made of dark brown heavy Twill in each style, with detachable fur collar, including sleeves, which is buttoned fast and can be detached in a moment if desired. For winter weather. Fitted with storm-gutter, storm-stitch on cuffs, windproof flaps, detachable belt and full skirt. It will keep you dry and comfortable during the winter months.

25% OFF

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£4 worth of Fine Quality Bedding for **£2**

YOURS FOR 10/-

EVERY article in this sale is a real bargain, and if purchased separately could not be bought under 24. They are all new stock straight from the manufacturers—not job lots or a shop-soiled stock.

The Sale consists of:

- 1 Blankets (that double bed size, heavy extra fine wool, new, grey, white, and blue).
- 2 Sheets, strong, heavy pure white bleached (7 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in.).
- 3 Pillow Cases, fine quality, pure white bleached, full size.
- 2 Bath Towels, heavy, large size.
- 1 Quilt, heavy, best quality, pure white bleached, full size.
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STONE'S

Original

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A 2 1/2 p. packet feeds a family a week

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Soon Heal

when Blood is cleansed with

Clarke's Blood Mixture

"In 3 weeks my face was entirely cleared."

Mr. Charles S. Abbott of 28, Riddleston Road, London, N.W.3, writes:—"In July last I contracted a very bad attack of Eczema. My face was covered with the sore places and was very painful and swollen. I attended a hospital for some time undergoing electro-treatment, etc., without any appreciable result. Then a member of the family persuaded me to try a bottle of Clarke's Blood Mixture. The first two bottles stopped all the discharge and the swelling vanished. In 3 weeks my face was entirely cleared and no trace of the complaint has ever reappeared. I shall always recommend Clarke's Blood Mixture with the greatest confidence, knowing that it is all that is stated to be."

Just as good for Abscesses, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Piles, Swollen Glands, Rheumatism & Gout. 2/- per bottle—Six times the quantity, 12/.

Start Cleansing Your Blood to-day

Start Cleansing Your Blood to-day

Start Cleansing Your Blood to-day

RETAIN HIS BELT.

FIGHT AT THE RING

(by JIMMY WILDE)

HUNT OUTS NOTES.

...weep, Frank Goddard, ...
...eight champion of the ...
...and there is little reason ...
...over Harry Mason ...
...on the European light ...
...Goddard became ...
...pitiful display against ...
...old at the Albee ...
...day night, when in the ...

very long count—about 100 seconds—before hanging over the frozen blanket on a frozen tree. The circumstances disqualify the hanging as a hanging.

I cannot understand the blooming of the forest, or even the fact that a white opponent must be killed down. Undoubtedly, the old lost his head, and probably, the blooming of the forest, and the first minutes of the battle. I assisted his opponent to be tripped-down and at the same time, I assisted him to be tripped-down by giving Jack a cloud of burning to Goddard by the time we met the case, but I did not think of the burning. I did not see a smashing.

...this, Bloomfield stood with
...stand clear to the man, and was
...so for a moment or two and
...rushed by and aimed at the
...the water to the shore. The
...all at sea and another
...sent him down to what was
...be the first of his life.
...from the purgill state of
...nce again, Bloomfield had
...d with it the championship
...Britain.
...from Bloomfield's "lapses"
...was superb, and never has
...been better timing than this
...back. "If I had been a
...a, but it was very puny
...I feel sure that Goddard
...been rocked so hard in the

retained his title. I suppose he bowed so "cleverly on the floor" as he admitted that Mason was a better shot than he was now and again, but I never do a running deal of clean business.

He hoped for the majority of the retreating aims, and did it in that each shot was very near, but, induced by the applause crowd, he made a score of every time. Certainly, he out-rivalled, and the champion was in making full use of the crowd's cheering. He did not select a position when standing by.

Mason took six counts, and a knee-down in the first fourth took away his hold. His own knee-master came.

In opinion, Mason did not deserve the award. His knee was stiffer than Rice's, but other scores that count for him was in front.

Mason certainly was the fast and cleanly throughout, whereas Rice was often guilty of holding.

Rice was slow and erratic at first, and if he missed it was because he was often afraid to shoot. He thought the spectators should think Mason the credit for this. He didn't fight at all.

rd was in the arms of Mor-
st before the fight. Later,
ld gave a call but Frank
down.
ack Callaghan, who told me
after a big-money fight in
. Careful, Jack, they are
in training for this.
winner of the Danny Fresh-
and contest is to be matched
Fox's title. Sir Raymond

[illegible][illegible]

gave a stirring speech at the meeting. The floor of the hall and Mrs. Florence Hall, who is born, sec., and also one of the judges in the case. Her address is 427, Old Kent rd.

BROTHERHOOD MOVEMENT.

Perthshire Brotherhood celebrated its first anniversary last day. The Brotherhood pre- took the chair, and Mr. Bushell, of Birmingham, was chief speaker. An excellent programme was rendered by Baptist Church Orchestra. Secretary, Mr. Ernest A. , announced that a house- canvas was being organ- ized the next few weeks.

West London Pedestrians.

The meeting was held at the Green Hospital Church, where ladies were represented. Mr. (Harvey), Mr. James Jones and the Rev. W. Duffell speakers. Halls are being run candidates for the union.

To-day, at 3.15. Mr. J. F. ("Workers' South- will address the Staines Brother-

